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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1855. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1793.

Choice Poetry.

EVELYN HOPE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little more than a day it has lasted,
The sunshine and shade, all light may pass
Into the fruit as the seasons hasten.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not time to love; besides,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now satiety,
Dot-and-go-one in the self-same round,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it true, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your cold mouth was pure and true,
The good cause never in your heart,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And you are alive in the world divulged as wife,
Each was unsuited to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought besides?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love.
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—and then I will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one thing, in all I saw,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is that thing? Love, no doubt.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I can keep it the record your hand touched
When it wrote "Evelyn Hope"—
You will write, and remember, and understand.

Pictures of Life.

WINIFRED'S VOW.

FROM DICKENS'S "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Winifred James sat in the autumn moonlight by the sea-shore with her friend Grace Wilson. The hoary dew had soaked through Grace's thin dress, and her head ached; but she could think of little else but her hair lay uncurled on her shoulders, and her face looked paler and older than ever in the waning light of the pallid autumn moon. There were no tears in her eyes—those aching moments had passed by—but there was full of a deeper sorrow than tears can express. Her head was bowed on her hands, and her whole frame was shaken by the dull oppression of that dreary night, the spirit of a sorrow which can only be dissolved by death.

Winifred had often tried to understand the strange mystery which lay in the character of Grace. For she had not always been the broken-hearted creature she was now. Winifred, too, excepting a promise that she would tell her some time, Grace used to change the subject as soon as her friend approached it. Even now, to-night she let her say what she would. Either the long years of grief which had come and passed had arrived, or she was conquered by the tenderness and love and quiet strength of Winifred. Suddenly she threw herself on her friend's neck, and leaning forward whispered to something in the dim ear of the night, which Winifred shrank and start, and cover her face with both her hands trembling.

"Now you will hate me," said Grace, in a hollow voice, letting her hand fall dead in her lap. "Her all the rest, when they know—you will despise and desert me. I deserve it!"

"Never! never!" said Winifred passionately, looking up through her tears and kissing her. "Never, Grace, never!"

"Nor if" said Grace. "When I am dead will you take care of it?"

"Yes, dearest, I will take care of it. But you will not die, Grace! You cannot die, then! What can your dear little voice (your soul will come back again to earth, were it at the very gates of Heaven."

"Heaven! For me!" said Grace. "No, Winifred, my birthright on earth and my hope of Heaven lie in the same name with my honor. Do not wish me to live as I am now. Why should I? What have I to expect except shame myself, and to see all that I love—all that belong to me—cast into the deep shadow of my disgrace? It were better for me all that I said it should die together. For when I am gone, only to you will the secret of your baby? What wrong has it done to be born to an inheritance of sorrow and infamy?"

"It is the inheritance, Grace," said Winifred. "I will love it, and care for it, all my life. If her heart will allow her to single sweet love enough for me, I will be faithful to her as a mother. While I live, it shall have one to me."

"You rescued me, dear Winifred!"

"I swear it," said the girl, solemnly, raising her hand to Heaven.

"Now I shall die happy," said Grace, kissing her friend's hand from her forehead, "now that I feel I shall not leave my poor child wholly motherless. A pang! no! death is my greatest blessing! Only to-night I have felt a longer from God! Oh, Winifred how can I thank you for your goodness? You little know the heavy burden of sorrow I lay down, by this desolate sea shore, to night—a burden inadequately heart-broken. But I will not be selfish, Winifred. The God who punishes, recompenses; and I have a hope that I dare not forget to pray for. Now, let us go home. I am weary, Winifred, my heart is very full. I must go and pray—and the child will be when you have left me—but for you and this innocent unborn life, I may sleep and God will not refuse to hear me when I am His blessing for you!"

Weeks passed away, and Winifred stood by Grace's dying bed. She was a widow, and a mother, and, as she had foretold, the hoist which gave life to her child, cloated her own.—mercifully for her.

Grace died! On the night of her death, when she took that child of sorrow, shame, and misery, to her arms, she died! Her child died early as if to birth had been the wellspring of a maiden's joy. Her mother, a kind, good, wealthy woman, received the poor motherless infant, and adopted: at least by silence. She did not condemn, if she did not commend, but let things take their own course. She only lifted up her hands and eyes, saying, "Grace Wilson, who'd have thought it?" and on the red story passed without further comment. But in time there were not wanting busy who enlivened the idea of such desertion, and who hinted plainly that little Mary was nearer to Winifred than a mere adopted child. It was all very well, they said, for Mrs. James to be so complacent, and Winifred so generous, but they had better reasons than a romantic morality between them. Decents his visit. In all it was between two and three years before they met again. In the meantime he had been in the heart of the world—in the midst of London life—struggling, fighting, conquering so far; but in the struggle his ambition and all his worldly passions were renewed and excited. He had been, too, with no conventional people: and he got more than ever of that conventional honor and morality, which are the farthest possible removed from truth. His object in this was manoeuvre—by all their means and honorable. And though he could not have ascertained love entirely, yet that love must be as compatible and as helpful as might be to the future he had marked out for himself. To Winifred herself there was no kind of objection. She had fortune; she was of good family; and her reputation, even though the undeserved reproaches sought to be cast upon it, was yet grand and noble. But the objection was to the child. So long as Mary was with Winifred, she was as wife for him. For so long as she kept the little one by her side, and gave her her name, there would be still the mystical and the sinner; and his wife must be not only pure before God, but blameless before men. No, she must choose between her love for him and the little one. They could not exist together.

This was the feeling, then, that Louis brought with him to South Shore, when he returned after more than two years' absence, to claim Winifred for their wedding. And these were the reflections with which he overwhelmed Winifred in the first days of his arrival.

"You are not serious, Louis!" she said, turning pale.

"I never more serious in my life! My dear girl, we must have a little common sense in this world. We cannot always act upon our impulses, but should sometimes act against our best interests."

"But dishonor and perjury can never be our interest, Louis," said Winifred. "Not to speak of their intrinsic wrong, they are the most stepping stones to further."

"Dishonor and perjury are hard words, Winifred."

"But true ones, dear."

"That may be. But, dishonor or not," said Louis, rather angrily, "it must be done. Once, now, and for ever, I distinctly refuse to sanction this absurd adoption of yours; and I recognize your duty or your right in maintaining it. Let the child be sent to school. I do not wish her to go to the work-house, or cause to harm; but I wish absolutely that my honor shall be free of her, and your name disassociated from her."

"Don't say that, Louis," said Winifred, trembling. "It is not my duty! I am to desert my child, for that reason I am to love you. I should indeed be a wife—I call, I should be a heartless, powerful, and practical, he was the blend of man-like strength; while the material—and wholly pride which marred his character—was not brought out in the circumstances which surrounded him. He only felt when we saw his unbridled common sense and practical wisdom, and his keen graces, and defects, in their present proportions.

They were together a great deal, walking, riding, and boating. The days which had been hoary dew grace's tears; reading to-gether, and talking, and sewing, still a half the conditions of their daily lives grew so closely interlaced, that neither thought it possible to separate them. Louis, in fact, was so little at any time about love, that it never occurred to him that he himself should ever be in love with Winifred; and Louis knew too well the old sweet lesson of constancy, and believed they were standing on the high plain secure.

But Louis began to think more of Winifred than he liked to acknowledge to himself; and he began to think, too, how he could arrange his life if he married her. If this should ever be the case, the only thing he would do would be to send little Mary to the Foundling Hospital, or put her out to nurse, and afterwards to school, so that she should never be taken from Winifred. Louis thought this the best possible plan for the child's sake, for her happiness, she must take the consequences of her parents' position. Her birth was a fatal error, certainly, and it seemed hard to punish her for it: but the birth of a rural duke was an error also, and he was not punished for it. So Louis reasoned, smoking his cigar in the evening and believing that he reasoned judiciously and well.

Things went on in the same way for many months, until at last a letter came, demanding the immediate presence of the young student at Louis's home. Some affairs of importance connected with his future career. Louis was pleased at the prospect of immediate employment, and he left Winifred for the first time with pain, and was the best practical move he could have made. He was away for six months, and Winifred and South Shore. He had solved the problem, and found that love and ambition could be united. His next move would be on their proportions.

"Well, dear," he said, "I have bad news for us—though good for me, too."

"What is it, Louis?" said the girl, looking up to him with that look where only love can be read. Do not wish me to live as I am now. Why should I? What have I to expect except shame myself, and to see all that I love—all that belong to me—cast into the deep shadow of my disgrace? It were better for me all that I said it should die together. For when I am gone, only to you will the secret of your baby? What wrong has it done to be born to an inheritance of sorrow and infamy?"

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Months passed before Louis even spoke of

Our Portrait Gallery.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

We give above a portrait of the poet Longfellow—one of his wife, the — Mary Andrew, and that beautiful production, "Hyperion." Mr. Longfellow resides at Cambridge, Mass., and is a gentleman of fortune. Left independent by stately sires, and surrounded by trees and shrubs and flowers. This pleasant spot seems to have naturally given birth to the poet. In other days it was the head-quarters of Washington; previous to the formation of Boston; and the accomplished poet who now resides within its hallowed walls, has recalled the past in the following lines:

"Once, all was—within these walls—
One whose name was known to fame,
The Father of his Country, dwelt
And yonder meadows used to camp
The dew of the beginning crept
Encircled with the tents of war;
Up and down these echoing stairs
Sentry with measured tread
Beneath his majestic tread,
Yon, within this room
And he in these looms of glass,
Wrote with his lonely pen.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on the 27th of February, 1807, in the city of Portland, Maine, and entered, when fourteen years of age, at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in the year 1821, he took his degree with high honors. Mr. Longfellow, who stood in the legal profession, and for whom a successful and carefully finished poems for the United States Literary Gazette," was destined to the legal profession, and for whom a successful career as a student of law in his father's office. The embryo poet, however, appears to have had other and more congenial, and entrancing the offer of a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, he resigned for the discharge of his new duties by a long visit to Europe. Having passed some three or four years in England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Holland, he returned, in 1829, to America, and entered Bowdoin as the occupant of his professorial functions.

While Professor at Bowdoin College, Mr. Longfellow pursued his literary career with diligence. Besides contributing many valuable articles to the "North American Review," he published, in 1833, his translation, from the Spanish, of the celebrated poem, of "Five Novelettes, on the Death of his Father" appeared, with an introductory essay on "Spanish Poetry," and, in 1835, his "Outre Mer." In the latter year, having already, at the age of twenty-eight, been recognized as a man of mark, he was appointed to the professorship of modern-language and belles-letters in Harvard College, Cambridge. Mr. Longfellow again left his native land, and went forth to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the literature of Northern Europe. With this object, he spent more than twelve months in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Turkey, and again visited Europe in 1842. Since then, until recently, he has been engaged in the duties of his professorship at Harvard, and in the production of poems, the great majority of which—the world will not willingly let die.

Selected Articles.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

FROM THE "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS."

Mr. Crane. — Well, widder, I've been thinking about taking another companion—and I thought I'd ask you.—

Widow. —Oh, Mr. Crane, excuse my commotion—it's so unexpected. Just hand me up that ere bottle o' camfer off the mantletry shelf.—I'm rather faint—how get a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nose. There—that'll dew.—I'm obleeged to ye—now I'm rather more composed—you may proceed, Mr. Crane.—

Mr. Crane. — Waal, widder, I was agoing to ask you whether—whether—

Widow. —Continuer, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's terrible embarrassin'—I'm experienced when my deceased husband made his proposals—came to me, be stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's generally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're generally exercising about that kind of an answer they're agoining to git, and it kind o' makes 'em nervous. But when an individual has reason to s'pose his application will be accepted, I don't see what need there is o' bein' flustered—tho' I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me—pray continuer."

Mr. C. — Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Mellory?"

Widow. —The dragon!"

Mr. C. —I hain't said nothing to her about it yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Tryphena we were engaged some time before mother Kemjee knew anything about it, and when she found it out she spoke up pretty sort because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Mellory, thinks se, I'll dew it right this time and speak to the old woman first.—"

Widow. —Old woman, hey! that's a pretty name to call me!—sassafac'ry perfec' low! Want Mellory, hey! Tribbulation! guracious! she's alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I didn't think you was quite so big a fool—want Mellory, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an impudent beast old you must be to s'pose she'd look at you. Why you're old enough to be her father, and more so.—Water and—only see her mother's age. What a rendiculkious idee for a man o' your age! to stay on a rut for'y years, and then when

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WEEKLY EDITION BETWEEN 80,000 AND 90,000.

In issuing their Prospectus for 1855, the proprietors of the Post infer it be granted, that the public are already tolerably well acquainted with the character of a paper that has been published for more than a quarter of a century by a number of THIRTY-FOUR YEARS. Their object in the future, as it has been in the past, will be to render it a family paper for the family circle, which shall not only amuse, but also instruct and improve. To accomplish this object, the best articles are constantly selected from foreign and domestic publications, and original articles after instructive character procured, when possible.

Letters from Foreign Countries; the most interesting portions of the Weekly Reviews of the World; Sketches of Life, Adventure and Character; Historical and Original Articles upon Agriculture; Accounts of the Progress of Mechanical Science; and a Bank Note List are included among the contents of the Post.

But the mind requires a wider range—it has faculties which delight in the humorous and lively, the tough-stories and pastimes. These faculties also must have their appropriate food, else they become enfeebled, and, in consequence, the character of the man is not fully developed, and he is not able to take an enlarged and generous view of human nature and its destiny. To satisfy these illiterate implanted cravings of our nature, we devote a fair proportion of the Post to FICTION, POETRY and HUMOR.

Among our contributors in the first rate of the above departments, are several of the most gifted writers in the land. We also draw freely for Fiction and Poetry upon the best English, Irish and Scotch periodicals. We design commencing a New Story by Mrs. Butterworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," or Miriam," &c., in the first paper for January next.

EDUCATION, Religious, Moral and Literary, and notices, of Agricultural and other Societies, Fairs, &c., will be furnished, with others of a Humorous, though refined character, are also freely given.

The Postage on the Post, in any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is 26 cents a year.

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No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

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☞ We cannot a few Notices of the Post from its Exchanges:

This is one of the few large papers filled with life and thought, instead of lumbering trash. Its mechanical dress is marked by liberality, courtesy, ability and taste. It employs the best literary talent in the country, and pays it liberally. Its contributors are numerous and of high reputation. As a family paper, one of literary and general intelligence, we cordially commend it.—*Cayuga Chief, Auburn, N. Y.*

In appearance and tone it is an excellent paper.—*Saturday Evening Post.* Our readers may rely upon it, that for its size and price it is the very equal of any in the land. In its mechanical execution, with a vast amount of general intelligence.—*Spectator, Carlisle, Pa.*

The long period during which this sterling paper has been established, and its present unexampled circulation, (being between 80,000 and 90,000,) are ample guarantees of its merits. Its columns are open to the public, and we get the worth of their money by subscribing for the cheapest and best family.—*Evening Bee.*

This is one of the best family papers upon our exchange list. It has stood on through all vicissitudes, and is now the first order.—*North-Western Democrat, Minneapolis, Min. Ter.*

We have heretofore spoken in high terms of the merits of the Post, as one of the best papers on our exchange list, and we cheerfully add our testimony to that already borne by others in favor of its merits.—*Pacific Republican, Fond du Lac, Wis.*

It is a paper of the largest size, and is edited with the utmost care. It is highly spoken of by the press and people wherever it is known, and we can add our own commendation. It fully lets even sixty-inch week, and we hope it may be the case, year after year, with the Post.—*Valley Times, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

The Post is ever ready to be liked.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Persons wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed, *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it changed *to*.

We trust that each of our old friends, the Clergymen, will feel himself called to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to raise Clubs, &c.

VIVIA:
A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

In accordance with the new arrangement, we design commencing this story by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," "The Lost Heiress," &c., in the first paper of January next.

It would be quite an accommodation to us, if persons getting up clubs for the new year, would send them in as early as convenient, that we might be able to regulate the size of our edition. In view of the again prosperous condition of the country, and the small price of a paper like the Post, as compared with the high price of almost everything else, we think we ought to receive a liberal increase of subscribers over the number we have had. With a little activity on the part of our numerous friends, at least ten thousand names might be added to our present list, and that is but three months. Not that our present list is at all to be complained of, but that we like to keep Moving On, Moving On!

A NOVELET FROM MRS. HENTZ.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have secured a contribution from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Marcus Warland," "Linda," "The Planter's Northern Bride," &c., for an original Novelet from her inexhaustible pen, which we design having before them at the close of Mrs. Southworth's story.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE PARTICULAR.—We find between the numbers of paper this week, a letter of young ladies—and doubtless many others—who have been receiving the Post for a few months, without subscribing. Receiving letters of this kind from Woodstock, Vermont, expressed with the object of telling us how much they like the paper, and of requesting us to insert our portrait in its pages, as we do the likenesses of other distinguished men, is a singular, however, that we shall be compelled to disappoint our fair friends. We have no room for such portraits, and we have no objection to a lock of hair being inclosed in a letter, or in the form of a breast-pin, or pocket-book, or in the form of a watch-guard, or any other form. And besides, the constitutional modesty of the editor of a newspaper is so great, that he would be quite averse from consenting to the undertaking of printing there can have been no doubt of the correctness of the impression, and estimate of books, we cannot do it—all the circumstances of the case considered. We have no doubt that the two thousand copies of the Bible will be disposed of in a very short time, and that the publishers will be encouraged to print a second edition, which is not a fortune to the author, but a very handsome sum to the publishers. And besides, the constitutional modesty of the editor of a newspaper is so great, that he would be quite averse from consenting to the undertaking of printing there can have been no doubt of the correctness of the impression, and estimate of books, we cannot do it—all the circumstances of the case considered. We have no doubt that the two thousand copies of the Bible will be disposed of in a very short time, and that the publishers will be encouraged to print a second edition, which is not a fortune to the author, but a very handsome sum to the publishers. And besides, the constitutional modesty of the editor of a newspaper is so great, that he would be quite a good-looking man, though we have no doubt that he is not. We have, however, a very handsome portrait of himself, taken from different points of view, which we would be glad to exchange upon favorable terms for a newspaper, and which we will write home to

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1

The Senate was called to order at 12 o'clock, and the members elect were qualified.

The daily hour of meeting was, on motion, fixed for 12 o'clock.

On the 5th, the Senate was called to order at noon. Messrs. Bate, Bradbury and Gwin appeared and took their seats.

On the 6th, the Rev. D. C. Dean was elected Chaplain, who was then introduced.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At noon on the 3d inst. the roll was called by Mr. Forney, the Clerk of the last session, and the name of every member elect answered to, except those of Messrs. Hammond and Orr.

After the roll was called, when 225 members answered to their names,

On motion of Mr. W. Jones, of Tennessee, the House proceeded to the election of Speaker, by a viva voce vote.

When the votes were taken, with the following result:

Richardson, (Dem.,) of Illinois,	115 votes.
Campbell, (Rep.,) of Ohio,	87 "
Lovejoy, (Rep.,) of Illinois,	20 "
Pennington, of New Jersey,	6 "
Haven, (Rep.,) of New York,	1 "
Fuller, (Dem.,) of Pennsylvania,	1 "

The President's Message is of expected to not or the present, and will not be sent it has been sent to

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AMERICAN VICTORIES OF THE TURKS.—PREPARING FOR WINTER.—Mr. Consul-general CORTRIGHT EXCHANGED.—RISE IN BREADSTUFFS, &C.

The Atlantic arrived at New York on the 30th inst., bringing Liverpool dates to the 17th inst., and 175 passengers. She experienced heavy weather during the latter part of the voyage.

The Atlantic arrived out at Liverpool on the 17th inst., and sailed on the 19th for Southampton.

Tax Tax.—The latest despatches from the seat of war report officially from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to the effect that on the 4th of November, by Omar Pasha, over a force of ten thousand Russians, with three guns, on the road to Zivin Bagar, which Omar Pasha, with the Turks, is now in full march to attack. The Russians are taking their property, grain, guns, and leaving, in less than a week, Kars and Erzeroum. The Turks, 30,000.

A private despatch, which evidently refers to the above, says that Omar Pasha with the entire ground the enemy Akakars, and stormed the Russian redoubt, after which they pushed forward to capture Kalais.

Kars was still besieged, but appearances indicate that the Russians will retire to Tiflis.

There is no news from the Danube. The principalities are wholly occupied in looting, preparatory for winter.

Only a few ships remain in the Dnieper. The Russians have left the forts of the Black Sea unmanned.

Mr. Consul-general CORTRIGHT, who was taken prisoner at Kars, and escorted the Russian residence

Selected Poetry.

TALK WITH THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

If a voice was ever sent from
Where sorrow is counted unknown,
If a tone was ever lent from
Its peaceful dwelling to groan,
Then there breathe it, oh, my sister!
Thou'rt a bodied 'mong our road-ers,
And the heartbroken stand by
Thy coffin, and weep and wonder
Such there know it, oh, my sister!

Thou'rt a bodied 'mong our road-ers,
And the heartbroken stand by
Thy coffin, and weep and wonder
Why there know it, oh, my sister!

Is there any other country
Where the lonely ones find home,
Where no more the tempest frowns,
Nor a hasty, dim cloud comes,
Is the temper of thirty bower.

Where's a one other country
In the chamber where of old
Was trimmed thy nuptial spring
On the young pilgrim'd fold,
She hath given the bride her blessing,
A blessing sadly meant—
Thou'rt now left at home to love her—
Poor lover is, oh, my son!

Was you ever to come the spirit?
Does its unknown wo
Ever wind its mystic, subtle net more
Affinity with clay,
Affinity with nature,
With the bitter tear that flows,
With the falling of the tenements
Or the fading of the rose.

Why question thus the spirit?
From the mortal can we flee,
It speaks in dialect of earth,
It may not answer thee;
Cling to the faith of Jesus,
Hold to the Saviour's hand
That binds in one communion
The living and the dead.

—The Corpse.

Selected Articles.

A NEW WAY TO CURE HYPOCHONDRIA.

Mr. Woodson was in the midst of his fall work, which had been several times interrupted by the particular illness of Josephine's little wife. One morning he went to his field early, and had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him. A broad "gee" an old morning's fire together rather early, only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He scarcely half had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charge to take good care of their mother.

Mr. Woodson was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plough, and things went on to their minds till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was dreadful sick, and wanted him to come as quick as he could for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodson, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow, but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such force that he laid down his goad-stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his anxiety for Josie added such wings to his speed that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was low and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her dear children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her dear husband. Mr. Woodson approached the bedside with a heavy heart indeed, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms or approaching circumstance different from what he had witnessed on former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Woodson, pleasantly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. I would go cheerfully, dear, if it were not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increased tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good, pious man, to assist you in the duties of the dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused and looked earnestly in his face.

"Well, I'm, sometimes thought of late it might be best," said Mr. Woodson, in a very solemn manner.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodson, with a slight exhibition of the muscles of the mouth.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodson, "I have sometimes thought about it since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadful to think of it, but I don't know but what it might be my duty."

"Well, I think so, myself," said Mrs. W., "if you would only get the right sort of person. Everything depends upon that, my dear," said she, "and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodson, "I don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you, I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodson, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodson, "there is one that I have thought of some time, and who I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Woodson, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression more of earth than of heaven, peeping out of her eyes. "Who is it, Mr. Woodson? You haven't named it to her here you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodson; "but, my dear, I think we had better drop the subject: it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodson, you must tell me who it is; I never could be in peace till you do."

"It is painful to think about," said Mr. Woodson, "and don't appear to me that it would be best to name it."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodson, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness and, drawing her mouth open, while her scattering glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodson, I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodson, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear, I must; though that it would be the will of Providence to take you from us, to have us go to ploughing the whole field. He scarcely half left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charge to take good care of their mother.

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